CHILDREN'S BOOK
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Luella Juliette Bartlett
1821

LEISURE HOURS,

L OR Bartlett's

EVENINGS AT HOME,

WELL SPENT

IN THE

Improvement of the Mind.

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LEISURE HOURS.

STORY I.

The History of the Alworthy's. The comforts that are attendant upon an humble station, exemplified in the description of the family of Wiggins. The necessity there is for an intire dependence upon Providence, inforced in a conversation between Mr. Alworthy and his son Edmond. The Emigration of Swallows.

AT a village in Hampshire, lived a very worthy gentleman of the name of Alworthy, who devoted the chief of his time to the education of his children.

One morning he invited his son Edmond to accompany him in a walk to the New Forest; they stood for some time attentively watching an old man who was employed felling one of the largest oaks; poor fellow, said Edmond, it is a sad thing for him to be obliged to slave so hard in his old age; by no means, replied Mr. Alworthy, whilst Providence blesses him with health; for you see he has none of the infirmities of old age upon him; well papa, said Edmond, but it is a shocking thing to be poor! The extreme of poverty, replied his father, is doubtless shocking; but you seem to have taken up a false idea upon the distinctions that Providence has allotted in society. A good man, whatever may be his misfortunes in life, can never be completely miserable; and the rectitude of his own heart will support him through the most trying situations! There is my

dear boy, implanted in our breasts an innate principle of *right* and *wrong*, and young as you are, you doubtless have felt it: What I mean is, that when your conduct has been praise-worthy, you have felt a degree of satisfaction in your own mind that told you, you had acted right; and a sensation the reverse of this you have experienced whenever you have done wrong, and this is what we term conscience; and even allowing that the woodman was reduced from affluence, to labour for his daily support, yet, if his poverty was neither the effect of extravagance or folly, he would not be miserable, for his mind would raise superior to the distress of his situation.

To every station in life Providence has kindly allotted a proportionate degree of happiness: and the heart of the peasant is as susceptible of tenderness

as the heart of the prince. Perhaps, could we follow the old man to his humble abode, we should there witness a scene that might convince us, he was rather an object of envy than pity; we might see him blessed with a faithful partner in life, whose unwearied affection and persevering industry, had rendered her dearer to him than when they were first united: we might see him surrounded by a numerous offspring of children and grand children, emulous to gratify his wishes! we might observe that this man possessed a heart contented at its own situation, nor repined at the superiority of his neighbours; and shall we say such a man as this is unhappy, because he is poor? Oh, no, papa, said Edmond, I do not know how it was, but I always thought poor people must be miserable! When sickness befalls the poor, replied Mr.

Alworthy, they instantly become objects of the greatest compassion, and it then becomes the *duty* of the *rich*, not only to compassionate their sufferings, but relieve them; for, I think Charity one of the fairest of the Christian virtues; and I am sure it is one that carries with it its own reward; for of all the delightful sensations of which our nature is capable, none is so gratifying to a feeling mind as that arising from the reflection of having mitigated the sufferings of a fellow-creature.

At this moment the woodman joined them; well Sir, said he, I got through it mortal well, for an old man, did not I? Why, my friend, said Mr. Alworthy, that arm of your's has given many a sturdy stroke. Ah, lack-a-day, that it has. Why, please your honour, I

have worked at this business five-and-fifty years, and no man ever said Will Wiggin's arm could not lower the stoutest timber amongst them; and I hope I shall down with many another yet, Sir, for I don't desire to die, though I am an old man; for I have got those about me worth living for: I have got, Sir, a good old dame for a wife, and five sons, all as worthy lads as e'er an old man was blessed with; but please your honour, what is it o'clock; for this is our wedding-day, and I promised my old lady to be at home by twelve, for she has got plum-pudding and baked beef, and my sons, their wives, and all their little ones, are to dine with us, and I intend to dance with my youngest grandchild. Then take that, my honest friend, said Mr. Alworthy, putting five shillings into his hand, and drink to the happy return of many a wedding day.

Well, Edmond, said Mr. Alworthy, you have now had an opportunity of judging whether the account I gave you of the blessings attendant upon an humble situation, were exaggerated; why, indeed papa, Wiggins seems so very happy, that I could almost wish to be a woodman; my dear boy remember, that the first essential step towards happiness, is *content*. Whatever may be your station in life, habituate your mind to view it on its fairest side, nor ever allow yourself to think that the grapes on your neigbour's vine, yield a richer flavor than those on your own.

Pray, papa, said Edmond, looking at the immense tree that Wiggins's prowess had levelled with the dust, are not oaks the largest trees that grow; No, replied Mr. Alworthy, the oak sinks as much when compared with the cala-

bash tree, as a shrub does when compared to an oak; it is the largest known vegetable in production, and is a native of Senegal in Africa; the negroes, dry the bark and leaves, and then reduce them to a powder, and take it medicinally as a preventative to the fever common in that country.

Talking of medicine, is rhubarb a tree, papa? No, replied Mr. Alworthy, it is a plant chiefly brought from the eastern part of Tartary, but it is the root of the plant that is valuable. I think, papa, said Edmond, I should like, if you would teach me botany, that I might know the use of every vegetable that grows; that would be taking botany upon a very large scale, my dear fellow, though a very humane one.

As they were conversing, Edmond observed a stag whose antlers had got entangled in the boughs of a tree; oh,

papa, said he, do but look, if you had but a gun, we might live upon venison for a week. It would be rather cowardly, surely Edmond, said Mr. Alworthy, to attack the poor animal in that helpless situation. I believe we shall feel more pleasure in assisting it to regain its liberty, than we should to see it struggling in the agonies of death, by the destructive power of our fire arms; therefore let us hasten to disengage it. I never, continued Mr. Alworthy, see these animals without its calling to my remembrance the infinite goodness of our Creator in forming an animal of that species, possessing powers from which man derives such essential benefits; for to the Laplander, the rein deer supplies the place of every other useful animal: by its food he is supported, by its milk regaled, with its skin he is cloathed, and by its speed

he is transported with a degree of swiftness inconceivable over the icy plains. Well, papa, said Edmond, don't you think the Laplanders must be a very miserable set of creatures? Not miserable, my dear boy, replied Mr. Alworthy, but pitiable, the extreme severity of their climate, and the hardiness of their lives, joined to the very few comforts attendant upon their station, must make every feeling mind compassionate such a situation. Yet you are to recollect that they never knew any other, and those blessings we have no idea of, we can never sigh after! and if the Laplander is incapable of refined pleasures, rest assured he has the power of enjoying rational ones: and whilst he possesses a faithful wife, affectionate children, and a sincere friend, depend upon it he can never be a miserable creature. Why, papa, said Ed-

mond, you talk as if every body was happy in the world, and yet I have heard a great deal about the misery of it. No, Edmond, replied Mr. Alworthy, I mean not to impress you with an idea that we are all happy, for real happiness is beyond the reach of mortality, and fortunate it is for us, that it is so, or we should become so delighted with this world, that we should never think of another; but, my dear boy, I wish you to be convinced, that happiness neither consists in riches or honours, and that those people who appear most to be envied, are often objects of pity. Well, papa, I don't understand how that can be; suppose for example, I was to lose the affection of your mother, that you were to prove undutiful, and my friend false; yet these are all circumstances I could not go and blazen

forth to the world ; I should still have a fine house, fine coach, and a good estate, and the world would think me a happy man ; yet whose situation would be the most enviable, mine or the poor woodman's, who we saw this morning? why, papa, the woodman's a great deal, but I hope none of these shocking things will happen to you. I am not fearful they will said Mr. Alworthy, and I only mentioned them to prove to you how very seldom we can judge of the happiness or misery of our fellow creatures from outward circumstances ; and we are all so differently formed by nature, that those events of life, that to one man appear serious evils, to another are received merely as a bitter draught, to give a greater relish to the sweets that follow. But, however, I hope you, my dear Edmond, will attain a degree of fortitude of mind that will enable you

to bear the evils that may await you, with composure and calm resignation to the will of that Being who decreed them; for rest assured none of us are exempt from trials of this nature; at the same time not only to receive the blessings that are in store for you with gratitude, but cheerfulness, for they are given us for our enjoyment.

At this moment they were joined by Mrs. Alworthy and her youngest son; Charles and I, said she, really thought you intended spending the day in the forest, and fancying you must have found something very agreeable here, we were determined to come and partake of it. Whatever was the cause that brought you, said Mr. Alworthy, the effect is very pleasing to both Edmond and myself, and so take my arm and leave the boys to their own conver-

sation. They had not walked a great way, when they two boys came running up to them—do papa said Edmond, look towards the sea; what can occasion that great fog to be confined to one part of it? Oh, replied Mr. Alworthy, I am very glad you have had the opportunity of witnessing the wonderful power of instinct: that fog as you fancied it, is no other than an immense body of the feathered race winging their flight to a milder region. The swallows, you are to know, are of too delicate a nature to endure the rigour of our winter, and therefore Providence has wisely implanted in their nature an instinctive faculty that occasions them to collect in large bodies in the month of October and migrate to a softer clime; but as soon as vernal suns enliven the face of nature, these little wanderers again return, and this generally happens in

April. Come, said Charles, I want you, Edmond, to help me to pick up some acorns; and away they both ran for that purpose. As they were thus employed, they were addressed by a beggar, a young healthy looking man, dressed as a soldier, who solicited charity; he told them a pitiable tale of distress, and said, he had not eaten a morsel for eight-and-forty hours, and that he had a wife and children starving with hunger. The boys instantly put their hands in their pockets, and between them gave the man four-pence; heaven reward your charity, said the man; but, my dear young gentlemen, I fear my wife will die for want of nourishment, she has just lain-in, and this four pence will not buy much. Oh, but we have got a shilling each, said the children, eagerly, there take it, and run and procure your poor wife a

little wine to comfort her. The man instantly turned into a by-path, and was out of sight in a moment. Soon after their father and mother joined them, and Mr. Alworthy proposed returning home, as he recollected an appointment he had made with a gentleman, but promised them another walk on the following morning.

STORY II.

A continuation of the history of the Alworthy's. A sketch of the Russian manners, with a short account of Petersburgh. A visit to a sick cottager. The necessity of discriminating between real *and* imaginary objects *of* distress *proved in the description of a deserter.*

THE next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, the two boys repaired to the garden to amuse themselves with a game at trap-ball, and was soon after joined by Mr. and Mrs. Alworthy; well, said the former, I have not forgot-

ten my yesterday's promise, are you inclined for a walk this morning? Oh yes papa, that we are, replied the boys, and the trap and ball were instantly thrown aside. I think, said Mr. Alworthy buttoning his coat, we are going to have winter at a very early period, for I protest I could bear my great coat. Why, said Mrs. Alworthy, if you talk of a great coat now, we must procure you a Russian pelisse by Christmas; a Russian pelisse, mamma, what is that? said Charles; it is, my dear, returned his mother, a large fur cloak, that the Russians wrap themselves up in to defend themselves against the rigours of their climate; and with this, a cap, and boots of the same materials, they are proof against its severity; but why, mamma, replied Charles, don't they wear hats, instead of caps? because, continued Mrs. Alworthy, the

cold is so very intense, that if their ears were not defended against its attacks, the effect would be dreadful; and it is no uncommon thing for them to be frost-bitten; the mode of cure for this, is the rubbing them with snow, but if they came near a fire a mortification would be the certain consequences; but in the year seventeen hundred and forty, the frost was so very severe, that, at Petersburgh, they built an intire palace of ice, and formed a rampart, from which they fired several shot from cannon formed of the same materials. Oh, replied Charles, I should not like to live in Russia, they must surely sit over the fire all day long; very far from it, said Mr. Alworthy, for when I was there, which happened in the winter season, I assure you, I partook of all their amusements; I used to drive my sledge upon the Neva with as much boldness

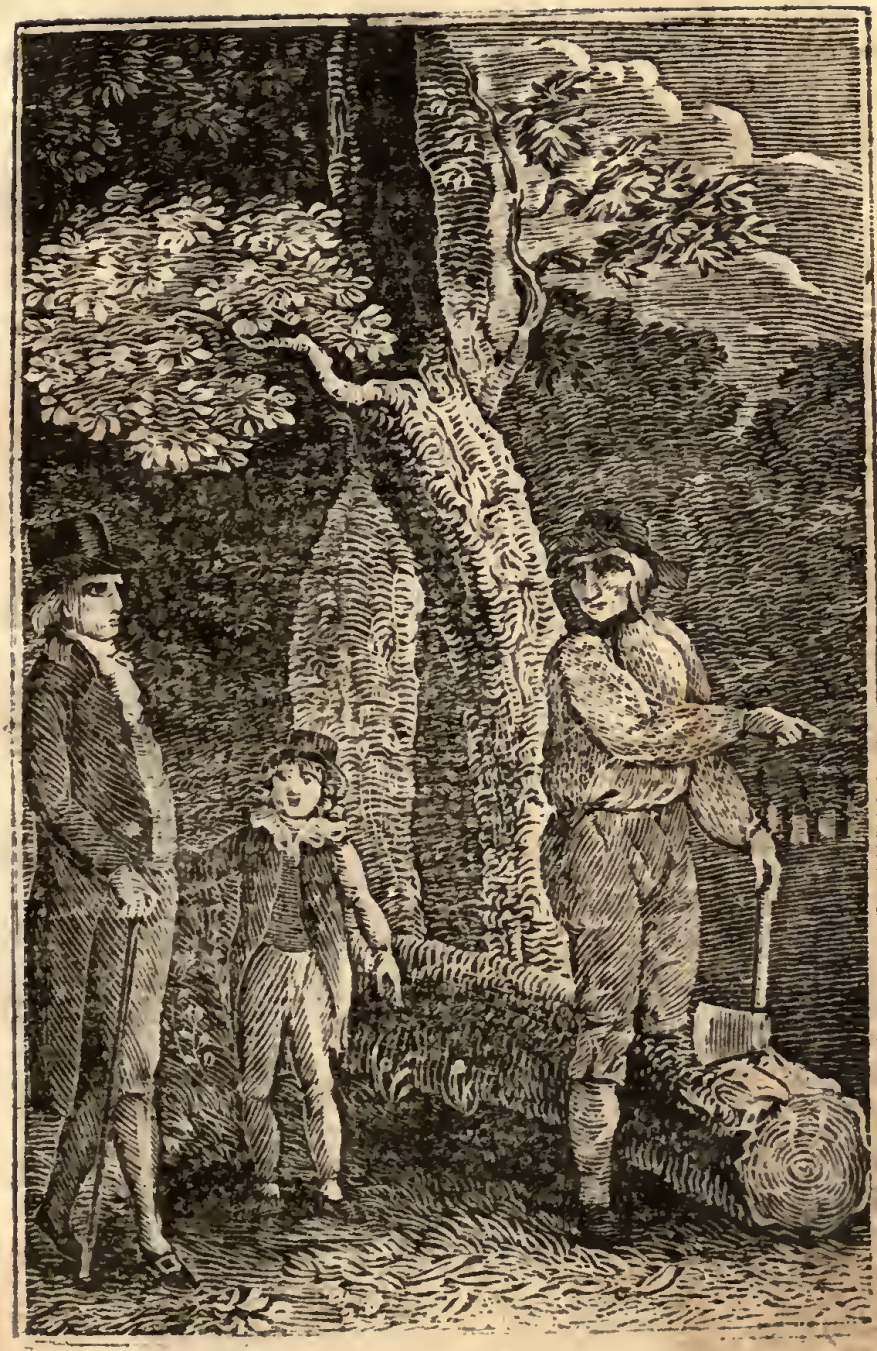
as the natives, and slide down their ice hills with as little regard to the safety of my neck. Ice hills, papa, said Edmond, is Russia a very hilly country? no, but the hills I mean are artificial ones, formed upon the river Neva, they are composed of planks raised between thirty and forty feet high, and covered with ice. These hills you ascend by the help of a ladder, and seating yourself in the sledge, it glides down with such amazing velocity, that it is often carried upwards of an hundred yards forward upon the plain. I think papa, said Edmond, the Neva is the largest river in Europe? no, the Volga is of superior size, and is very near it.

Pray papa, said Charles, is Petersburgh a very fine place? yes, replied Mr. Alworthy, I think you would call it so; and when we consider that at the beginning of this century it was a mere

morass, and the habitation of a few fishermen only, it gives one a fine idea of the powers of art and industry; for the noblemen's seats are magnificent, though upon the whole not quite so much as those at Moscow. At Moscow I was extremely astonished by a gentleman calling upon me one morning to invite me to go with him to the house-market; the house-market! exclaimed Charles; yes, you are to know that the common people's houses are all of wood, and this market is a perfect street formed of moveable ones, which in two or three days after the purchase, is thoroughly completed and inhabited.

Pray, papa, said Edmond, were you presented to the Empress, for I heard her court was a very splendid one? To give you an exact idea of its magnificence is impossible, replied Mr. Alworthy, the Empress is more richly

habited than you can conceive, and adorned with a crown of diamonds; she is preceded and followed by a train of courtiers, who each seem to vie with the other in splendour; but there is a most beautiful spot where the Empress often retires with a select party of her friends, called the Hermitage, and once a week she gives a private ball and supper there, servants are wholly excluded, and the various refreshments emerge through trap doors. But the Russians in general, though very hospitable, are fond of a display of ostentation; and the poor, are a more dependant set of beings than you can conceive; in short, there cannot be a more abject set of creatures than a Russian peasant. I think said Mrs. Alworthy, upon the whole, the poor of our own country, are a happier set of beings than in any other; doubtless they are so, replied Mr. Alworthy, and the



first of blessings is the liberty they enjoy; no abject servility is here required by the master from his servants, his wants are all supplied, and his comforts attended to. This subject, continued Mrs. Alworthy, reminds me of the accident Molly has just told me happened to Thomas Downing, and if you have no objection, we will walk and see him; certainly, said Mr. Alworthy, but how did it happen? I hear that as he was gathering apples yesterday morning, he fell from the ladder, and has broke his leg. As they arrived at the door of the cottage, they met the surgeon coming out, and had the satisfaction of hearing that there was no symptom of danger attending the accident; he has but little fever, said the surgeon, but this, I believe, is owing to his being so very sober a man:

for I never saw him in a public house in my life. They now entered the room where the sick man was confined; every thing wore an appearance of the greatest neatness, and his wife, boiling a little barley water, was so very pretty, and so delicately clean in her person, that Edmond could not help going to his mamma to beg she would look at her. Why, my poor fellow, said Mr. Alworthy, softening his voice, and taking Thomas by the hand, I am sorry to see you thus; but however have a good heart, and I don't doubt but I shall soon see you able to run and jump with the best cricket player in the village. I can bear pain, sir, said the man, but my poor Mary takes it so sadly to heart, and that is worse than all the rest, for there she stands, and she knows I have often told her, that I would walk ten miles after I was tired

from work, rather than see her cry! and now she has done nothing else ever since I was brought home! and I know she will make herself sick, and God knows who is to nurse her! for though she looks so rosy, she cannot knock a man down, as a body may say. Well, but my good tender-hearted Mary, said Mrs Alworthy to her, it is very wrong to give way to your own feelings at the hazard of hurting your poor husband. Hurting him, madam! God knows, I would die to save him from pain! But when I see him lay there, and think that I may lose him, I feel almost choaked with grief, and I believe I should be quite so, if I was not to cry. This is all very natural, my dear woman, continued Mrs. Alworthy, but you should never distrust the providence of God; and the surgeon tells me that your husband will do very well again, and we

will do all we can to make you comfortable; you shall have your dinner from our table every day, and a little girl to nurse your child, and I will pay her, that you may devote your whole time to your husband, and when I call again in the evening, I shall expect, Thomas, that you will give me a good account of her behaviour; saying this, Mrs. Alworthy hurried out of the room, as she saw the poor creature was quite oppressed by her feelings of gratitude. Now, my dear boys, said Mr. Alworthy, as I wish to encourage the principles of true benevolence, I think the family we have just left, are objects of real charity: for you know his wages must cease from the time of the accident, therefore I would advise you to put by a part of your weekly allowance until he recovers, and then give it him towards discharging his surgeon's ac-

count, and as I know you have money in your pockets, suppose you let me be your banker; we should be very happy to do it, papa, said the boys, but we really are moneyless, and at the same time they related the manner in which they had disposed of it. I should be very sorry, replied Mr. Alworthy, to check the emotions of humanity in the breast of youth, yet I cannot help thinking the man who was the object of your charity was an impostor. Surely, papa, said Edmond, that is judging very harshly, and what can be your reason for it? Why, in the first place, if he had really fasted eight and forty hours, he would not have struck you as looking so very healthy; and besides your mother's humanity is so extensive, that had any poor creature been in the situation he described his wife, some one would have told her, that her distress might

have been relieved, had she made proper application.

At this moment they were overtaken by a party of soldiers, and the identical object of the boy's compassion, walking hand-cuffed in the midst of them, uttering the most abusive language to those around him. O, papa, said Edmond eagerly, that is the very man. Well replied Mr. Alworthy, let this be a caution to you to endeavour to distinguish between real and imaginary objects of distress, yet never let it suffer you to become suspicious, or to check the amiable sensation of compassion, but only let it lead you to endeavour not to suffer your charity to be imposed on, for you are now withheld from doing an act of real kindness, by having expend d that money upon a bad character, that might have added to the comfort of a good one; however, said

Mr. Alworthy, we will now return home, and I shall be ready to devote the remaining part of the morning to your studies; which, said Mrs. Alworthy, if you acquit yourselves in to the approbation of your father, you shall accompany me in my evening walk to Thomas Downing's.

STORY III.

Benevolence, humanity, *and* liberality, *happily blended, or the characters of Captain and Mrs. Harcourt. The necessity there is that* worth *should outweigh* riches *in the* selection of a friend. *An unamiable boy in the character of Charles Hamilton. Anecdote of a sailor. A sketch of the produce of Otaheite, and a visit to the Museum.*

CAPTAIN Harcourt was a gentleman in the naval line, and no less beloved than esteemed for his public character, than for his private virtues:

Mrs. Harcourt united a sweetness of manners to a liberality of mind, and her heart was open to the most refined impressions of friendship: it was natural for people who possessed such sentiments as these, to become peculiarly interested in the education of their children, and they had the satisfaction of beholding their three boys early manifest the most amiable turn of mind: Frank, the eldest, had lately recovered from a dangerous fit of illness, and as it was near the vacation, his parents kept him at home until after the expiration of it.

One morning he entered the study where his father and mother were sitting, and requested his mamma's permission to drink tea with Charles Hamilton. My dear Frank, said Mrs. Harcout, you know I always derive pleasure from promoting your happiness, and the re-

fore rest assured, that when I deny your request, I have substantial reasons for it; but I really do not think Charles Hamilton a boy whose acquaintance will ever do you credit. Not credit! mamma, why Charles' papa is richer than mine, he has three carriages, and he has more money than any boy in the school. Yes, Frank, I know it, continued Mrs. Harcourt, and it is from his *valuing himself* upon *his riches*, *his carriages*, and *his father's exalted situation*, that makes me think him an improper companion for you; besides there are many traits in his character that are very unamiable; he is as mean as he is proud; and depend upon it, my dear boy, his heart is incapable of friendship: and let me intreat you never to form an intimacy with any being who you observe deficient in natural affection. Recollect for a moment how ve-

ry disrespectful Charles conducts himself to his father and mother, and how over-bearing to his brothers and sisters; with what insolence of manner does he address the servants, in short, he is the last boy in the world I should wish you to form an acquaintance with; and though I do not expect to have the power of guiding your affections, yet, I flatter myself, I may be able to direct them. There is Henry Burton, a boy who possesses one of the sweetest minds, and most generous hearts, that ever inhabited a breast; with him, my dear fellow, I could wish you to form the strictest intimacy: a friendship with such a character as that would not only be a source of pleasure, but improvement; for you would be continually witnessing some amiable trait in his natural disposition, and as example is far more powerful than precept, you would

imperceptibly copy the virtues you admired. Oh, mamma, said Frank, Henry and I have long been friends, and I love him very much, and think he is worth fifty Charles Hamiltons. But Charles can be very entertaining, indeed mamma; you cannot think what a good mimic he is, and how exactly he can take off his acquaintance. And can you think, Frank, replied Mrs. Harcourt, that you are without imperfections? No, certainly, mamma; but why do you ask the question? Because, depend upon it, to the first person he saw after you left him, would he *expose* those *imperfections*, and all under the hypocritical appearance of being entertaining: and thus, if your character is not injured, your weaknesses would be exposed. But if he was to correct these faults, replied Frank, you would not then object to my being acquainted

with him, mamma? I am not apt to take prejudices, replied Mrs. Harcourt, but whenever I am *convinced* a *character* is *bad*, I am not easily persuaded to believe it will *grow better*, at least when the faults proceed from the *heart;* and as that is my opinion of Charles Hamilton, I beg that all intercourse between you may drop. Well, mamma, said Frank, you know best, and so I will think no more about this said birth-day; but he is to have a very large party, and they intend to have a great deal of fun.

I cannot promise you a great deal of *fun*, but I think I can offer you some amusement, if you will go with me this afternoon, and see Mr. Parkinson's museum. Oh, mamma, that is quite the thing; but do tell me what we are to see there? A great deal to delight an admirer of nature, but as I have never been there, I cannot give you an exact

description; there are animals, vegetables, and minerals, in high perfection. I dare say we shall see an Elephant, mamma; and I wonder whether he has got the bird with the flaming wings, that papa so often saw in the Mediterranean. You know, replied Mrs. Harcourt, that they had only that very flaming appearance when they flew against the sun. Oh, and those little insects which so frightened the sailors, when papa was on the coast of Malabar? Those little insects, if you recollect, your papa told you, were so small, that they could not be seen with the naked eye, and that they lost their luminous power when they had been out of the water about half an hour.

A servant now entered, and told his master, that Mr. Newman wanted to speak with him. Step down, Frank, said Captain Harcourt, and beg Mr. New-

man will send word up what his business is, for I am very busy writing letters of consequence. Papa, said Frank, when he returned, they are going to erect a new hospital, and Mr. Newman hopes you will put your name down on this list, for there are a great many of your friends, whose names are inserted. My compliments to Mr. Newman, replied Captain Harcourt, and I wish his plan success, but I shall not become a subscriber. *Not* become a subscriber, papa! why Mr. Newman said he was *sure* you would, you were so very benevolent. I am obliged to Mr. Newman for his good opinion, continued Captain Harcourt, but as I have not a very large fortune, I prefer disposing of that part of it which I allot to benevolent purposes, in private, rather than in public charities. Well, but papa, said Frank, this is only two guineas, come, you had

better give it to him. And with two guineas, my dear boy, I have been enabled to impart happiness to a whole family, who were in hourly expectation of being deprived the comforts of a home by a merciless landlord, to whom they were indebted that sum; so take the list down, and say what I desired. John again came up stairs to inform his master that a sailor of the name of Wilmot begged to see him. I do not recollect his name, said Captain Harcourt, but let him come up, John.

A young looking man, with a countenance expressive of the honesty of his heart, now entered the room, with a servant, your honour; mahap you have forgot Joe Wilmot. Oh no, my honest friend, replied the Captain, and I recollect that I never had a better seaman serve under me; but where have you been these three years? Please your

honour, said Wilmot, I have been going down in the world ever since I left your honour's ship: first I went to the West-Indies, and there I caught the fever, and had liked to have tipped the bucket, then coming home, I fell from the top-mast and broke my thigh, and when I was able to go on shore, and had got my wages, then a jackanapes of a fellow, who called himself a sailor, (though please your honour I do not believe it) told me a sad story with such a smooth tongue, that my heart ached for him, so I offered him half my birth; but the first night the dog came, he stole my bag that I kept my money in, and I have never been able to hear of him since: but the worst is, I now owe my landlady five and twenty shillings, and this is worse than all the rest, for please your honour, I never was in debt in my life before, and this woman's rating

at me all day long, with a voice louder than a boatswain's whistle; but the long and the short of my coming here is, that I hear your honour's got a ship, and I should be glad to serve you. Why, my brave fellow you have been going *down* in the *world*, indeed; however, we must contrive to set you aloft again: and first of all there is something to still the clamour of your landlady's tongue, said Captain Harcourt, laying two guineas upon the table;-and as to my ship, you may enter on board her as soon as you please. God for ever bless your honour, and all that belongs to you, said the poor fellow, with an expression of gratitude in the tone of his voice more forcible than language. And as to you, madam, said he, turning to Mrs. Harcourt, I shall never forget your kindness to my poor dear mother; poor soul, she used to say you did her more good than

all the doctors' stuff, and I would work by night and by day to serve you. Thank you kindly, Wilmot, for your good intention towards me, said Mrs. Harcourt, with a smile of ineffable sweetness; and suppose you go down into the kitchen, and see some of your old friends, and tell them I desire they will make you welcome.

That man's conduct to his poor mother, my dear Frank, said Mrs. Harcourt, as he left the room, was a pattern to those in much more exalted situations; when she was ill, he took a lodging for her close to the place where his ship was situated, and every moment that he could be absent from his duty on board, he spent by the side of her bed; he never drank his allowance of liquor, but let it remain until there became a gallon due to him, which he then sold, and carried the produce to her, and his

wages he disposed of in the same manner; and when she died his unfeigned grief was really distressing. And yet much as I should have wished to serve this poor fellow, said Captain Harcourt, had I subscribed this morning to the hospital, I should not have thought it right to have done it. And why not, papa? replied Frank. Because, continued his father, if my benevolence is not restrained within the bounds of prudence, I should reduce myself to a level with those I wish to relieve. Well papa, but you could have taken him on board your ship. Yes, my dear boy, I could have certainly have done him that act of kindness, but he would still have felt oppressed with this debt to his landlady. But I would have you remember, that acts of kindness are continually coming within the ability of every man, though real benefits we but seldom have the power of bestowing.

Pray, mamma, said Frank, what time shall we go to Mr. Parkinson's? We will dine early, and go immediately afterwards. One of our boys, continued Frank, told me there were several of the things in the museum that Captain Cook brought from Otaheita with him: perhaps, mamma, the elephant came from thence. No; replied Mrs. Harcourt, the only animals they have are hogs and dogs. They must soon be tired of pork, then, said Frank. Oh, but they have poultry, fish, and wild fowl; potatoes, yams, fruit, and vegetables, cocoa nuts, and the bread tree, in great perfection; so you find they are not very badly off. I wonder, mamma, said Frank, why Omiah could not be happy in this country? For a reason, my dear boy, that did honour to his affectionate feelings; he had left behind him a father, brothers, wives, and children,

and all the gratifications we could offer him were insipid when he reflected upon the delight he had enjoyed with these tender connections! Wives, mamma! why had he more than one? Yes, such is the custom of that country; and Omiah, though a very young man, had several. Well, returned Frank, when I marry, one will satisfy me, but I intend to love her with all my heart. Love her, Frank, said Captain Harcourt, as well as I do mine, and she will not have reason to complain of your want of affection. Yes, papa, said Frank, I think you set me a very good example; but I wish dinner was ready, for I am very impatient to be gone, mamma. At this moment the servant announced it to be on the table: as soon as it was over, the coach was ordered, and they drove to the museum. Frank was so delighted with all that he saw, that he

intreated his mamma to promise that he should devote a whole day to the inspection of it; and then he is to give me a description of all the curious things it contains; which I intend to impart to you for the amusement of some future evening.

STORY IV.

Generosity in children highly praise-worthy. An account of several people being buried under a mass of snow. Fraternal affection exemplified in the conduct of the little Adams's. The story of Count Alberti. A short description of mines. A sketch of the productions of Spain. Visit to a Sunday schoolmistress, and a generous mode of making the children happy.

MR. ADAMS was a gentleman of very large property, which he derived from an extensive share in one of the tin mines in Cornwall. His family consist-

ed of two daughters and a son. The harmony and affection that subsisted between these children was delightful to behold. George, the eldest, was about thirteen, and had been placed at a public school about two years; but Selina and Harriet were educated at home. When the Christmas vacation approached, Mr. Adams, as usual, went to fetch his son, and his little girls felt the liveliest sensation of delight at the thoughts of embracing their beloved brother. Well, George, said Mr. Adams to his son, as soon as the chariot drove from the school-door, and how much money do you bring away with you this vacation? Not much, papa, replied George. I doubt you are a bankrupt, said his father, and at the same time putting his hand into George's pocket, produced six shillings: why, I protest, here is a perfect fortune! said Mr

Adams; but how is it that you, who have hitherto always returned from school so poor, should now be so very rich? are you going to turn banker, George?

I recollect when I was at school, there was a boy who used to save his allowance until it amounted to four or five shillings, and then lend it to those who were moneyless, upon condition of their paying him double after the holidays; the same boy used to come to school loaded like a pedlar, with tops, bats, balls, whips, &c. and these things, when the boys returned to school with full pockets, he sold for double their value: now, I really have no fear that you should adopt this method, but I confess I should like to know for what purpose you can have saved six shillings out of your weekly allowance? Well then, papa, I must tell you, that poor

Thomas, a very good-natured servant, who once lived with our master, has been very ill; so ill as not to be able to eat any thing but oysters, and the boys, who all loved him, one, or other, of them sent him a few every day; but I thought when the holidays came, the poor fellow would miss his oysters, so I determined to save up my money, and when I got home, send him a barrel. My dear fellow, said Mr. Adams, I am delighted with the plan you had formed to gratify poor Thomas's appetite, and you shall send him a barrel every Saturday until you return to school; and as I find you intend to make so good a use of your money, there is half a guinea for you to dispose of as you think proper.

I think said Mr. Adams, looking out of the chariot window, it is very fortunate that I came for you to-day, for, from the appearance of the atmosphere,

we are going to have a deep snow. Do you know, George, that at the Bergemoletto, a small village in the vicinity of the Alps, three people were buried under the snow thirty-seven days, and then Dug out alive. Dear papa, said George, how could that be possible? Why, continued Mr. Adams, when this amazing mass of snow, which was driven from the Alps, overwhelmed the village, these poor creatures were fortunately in a stable, one part of which being supported by a very thick piece of timber, did not give way; there happened fortunately to be likewise in the stable two goats that gave milk, and though these poor souls had hardly room to turn themselves, yet it providentially happened that this spot was close to some hay, and therefore, by that means, they had an opportunity of prolonging the goats' existence, and procuring a

degree of sustenance to themselves just enough to support nature; but when they were discovered, they were in so emaciated a state, that another day must have terminated their existence. There were at the same time thirty houses overwhelmed, and three and twenty inhabitants lost their lives. How very lucky it was, said George, that the goats were in the stable. Lucky, my dear George, said Mr. Adams, is not a proper term, it was *providential*, and was strongly marking of the protecting hand of a Superior Being. Well, papa, said George, I am sure there is something very lucky, for I can see mamma and sisters coming to meet us, and instantly calling to the coachman to stop, he jumped out of the carriage, and was in Mrs. Adams's arms in a moment; alternately he embraced Selina and Harriet, and a happier group was never beheld.

As soon as they got home, they all went into the play-room, when George drew himself a chair, and taking each of his sisters on his knee, now, said he, tell me all that has happened since I left you. It seems such an age, replied Selina, that I hardly know where to begin. Why, you must begin at the first day, replied George: what did you do after I left you? What we always do, said Harriet, cried until we gave ourselves the head-ache. The poor dear heads, said George, kissing the forehead of each. Well, the next day? Oh the next day, continued Selina, that was a luckless one, for I lost the little pocket-book, you gave me for a keep-sake: I was quite miserable, for fear you should think I did not value it; but that I am sure I did, though how it went I never could find out. How could you be such a goose to vex yourself about such

a trifle; said George; but go on. Yes, replied Selina, and how kind do you think dear Harriet behaved about the pocket-book? As soon as she found that all our search after it was vain, she sent Betty out with a new guinea grandmamma had sent her for netting a purse and bought me one exactly like it, and when I awoke in the morning, it lay on the table with a little note within side of it, saying that she hoped it would make me some amends for the loss of the one you had given me! She is a nice girl, said George, and always delighted in good-natured actions. Yes, replied Harriet, but if you call *that* a good-natured action, what will you say to poor Selina, walking two miles in the rain to buy me a dove, when one of mine died! But why did Selina go in the rain, continued George, could she not have waited until it was fine? Oh, said Harriet,

it did not rain when she set out, but it began soon after, and Betty wanted her to return, but she said she could not bear to see me so uncomfortable, and she did not mind a wet jacket; though she suffered enough for her kindness, for she caught a dreadful cold, and every time she coughed, it went to my heart, for I thought I was the occasion of it. Well, said George, and have you *been* any where, my dear Selina? Yes, replied Selina, we have been into Cornwall, and there we saw the poor miners at work, and a shocking employment it is, the poor men all look so dirty and so pale. Ah, but said George, that is nothing to the mines of gold and silver, and quicksilver, there indeed you would be shocked, for the poor creatures are never suffered to come out. Never suffered to come out! replied Selina; oh! how dreadful! but why not? Be-

cause continued George, they are poor wretches, who are sent there as a punishment for some crime, and they have cruel task-masters set over them, who make them work without intermission. How do you know? said Harriet. Papa told me so one day when he had been reading and explaining to me a very elegant poem, written by Mr. Sargent, called the Mine. Well, said Selina, I should never have thought of writing a poem upon such a dismal subject. Oh, replied George, it is a very pretty story that it was founded upon, and if I can I will tell you something about it.

At Venice there lived a very amiable nobleman, whose name was Alberti; he possessed such a sweetness of disposition, that every one loved the Count Alberti; and the Countess was very young, very beautiful, and very good; all the foreigners who went to Venice

were delighted with this family. Well, this unfortunate Count had some words with a general in the emperor of Germany's service, and they fought; the general was left for dead; the Count attempted to escape, but was taken, and condemned to work in the quicksilver mines at Idria, to which miserable place the poor dear Countess followed him, think Selina how she must have loved him; for though you thought the mines in Cornwall gloomy, what would you have thought this, into which you are let down in a kind of bucket, more than one hundred fathom, and the noxious power of the mineral soon deprives them of the ability to labour, for they lose the use of their limbs. Well, said Selina, I am glad however that the poor Count and Countess were not doomed to live *long* in so *wretched* a *state*. Oh, continued George, I have not finished

my story, there is a great deal of good to come yet; for you must know the general had only fainted, and when he recovered, application was made to the Emperor to remove the Count and Countess from their horrid confinement, and they were received with the greatest joy by all their friends and relations. Oh, what happiness, said both the children. After such misery, it must be joy, indeed, said George; but I have heard that some mines are very beautiful mines! Beautiful! said Harriet. Yes, continued George, the salt mines of Wielitska, in Poland, are very spacious and beautiful, and the reflection of the lamps upon the walls of salt casts a very brilliant lustre: they have cut several small chapels out of the salt, and on certain days mass is performed in them. But salt mines in general are worth seeing, though the one I have

mentioned is by much the largest and most profitable.

When you are old enough to go abroad, George, said Harriet, what wonderful things you will be able to tell us. Yes, my dear Harriet, I shall have a great deal to entertain you with; but papa tells me, that travellers often represent things more wonderful than they really are, but I shall never do *that*, for I should be afraid people would never believe me when I related things that were *really true;* besides, when people tell stories in *little* things, they soon do it in *great* ones. There is a boy at our school, who, when he first came, we liked very much, for he is a generous good-natured fellow, but he is so dreadful a story-teller, that now we have found him out, we none of us can bear to play with him; yet some of the boys, who knew him when he first went to school,

told me that then he never used to tell stories only in joke. And who is that said Mr. Adams, entering the room, who only used to tell stories in joke? Charles Turner, papa, replied George. But telling stories in joke, continued Mr. Adams, is a very long stride towards the telling them in earnest. Yes, papa, and that is the case with him, for he is a sad boy that way, and I was just telling my sisters so; and besides he often suffers for faults that he never commits, for if any mischief is done, and the boy cannot be discovered, he is sure to be blamed for it; and one day there was some wall fruit missed, and the boys were all called up, and taxed with having taken it, however, all denied it, and the blame fell upon poor Charles, and he was ordered to have a severe flogging; he had received two or three strokes, when George

Cooper, who had been home for two or three days, came into the school, and asking what Turner had done, found he was punishing for a fault that he had not committed; he called out stop, and ran to the top of the school, and Charles was let down, and George taken up, and suffered the same disgrace. Well, said Selina, I should love that boy, George, though, for his behaviour. Why, my dear girl, said Mr. Adams, he must have been a vile fellow to have acted otherwise: there is a great difference between doing our *duty*, and the doing an act of *generosity;* if George had been Charles's friend, and to save him from pain, had professed himself to be the guilty person, that would have been an act of generous friendship, and praiseworthy, but the other was a mere act of justice. But, papa, said Harriet, then Cooper would have told a story,

you know. Very true, Harriet, replied Mr. Adams, and though I would have a boy of mine a strict observer of truth, yet allowing such a motive to have actuated Cooper to deviate from it, *that* would induce me to overlook it, for I feel that to serve my friend, I could subject myself to any inconvenience; and I hope, my dear children, I shall live to see you all give proof of possessing the same sentiments.

But I came in, said Mr. Adams, to propose a walk to you all. Oh, papa, said the children, we shall like it very much, but where shall we walk to? Why, replied Mr. Adams, your mamma begged me to invite Mrs. Goddard, the Sunday school-mistress, and all the little ones, to dinner with us on Christmas-day. Oh, papa, that is delightful, said Selina, how happy the little souls will be. As they walked along, they

saw two or three young lambs, but there were not many, as it was rather too early for them. Papa, said George, pray does not our sheep produce more wool than those of any other country? Oh no, replied Mr. Adams, Spain is the part of the world where wool is in the greatest abundance; in short, their sheep-walks are a treasure in themselves. It is from Spain that we have the finest oranges, is it not, papa? said Harriet. Spain is a very rich country, said Mr. Adams, it produces in many places spontaneously the rich fruits of France and Italy: but the Spaniards are an indolent set of people, and are very sparing of tillage, or it would be a very fine corn country. They have oranges, lemons, almonds, prunes, citrons, figs, and raisins; and their wine is excellent, particularly sack and sherry. Formerly they had gold and silver

mines, but whether they are exhausted, or whether they are too idle to work them, is not known with any degree of certainty. Their iron is of a very superior quality, and has always been thought particularly famous for gun-barrels. Pray, papa, said George, have they many wild beasts in Spain? No, replied his father, wolves are the only beasts of prey they are infested with. I thought I had heard, papa, said Selina, that silk worms flourished very much in Spain. So they do, continued Mr. Adams, and their mulberry trees look very pretty loaded with their produce. I have even heard that the one article of silk, amounts to two hundred thousand pounds per annum. But it is you know, the most mountainous country in the world; the Pyrenees which divide France from Spain, are two hundred miles in length.

The party by this time arrived at the house of Mrs. Goddard, who received the invitation with delight and gratitude, and said, she was sure all the little folks would scarcely be able to sleep for thinking of the pleasure. A servant followed Mr. Adams, to say a gentleman wanted to speak with him. Well, said Mr. Adams, if you like to stay and talk a little with Mrs. Goddard, as you have not seen her for so long a time, George, you are very welcome, and Thomas may stay and walk home with you. This proposal was very pleasing to the young folks, and Mr. Adams returned home with all possible expedition. And now my dear good young ladies and gentleman, said Mrs. Goddard, cannot you eat a little pieee of pie after your walk; for a neighbour of mine, not thinking the squire would be so kind to me, has just sent me a large

nice minced pie against to-morrow. Oh, no, said Selina, we would not rob you of it for the world. Oh, do not talk of robbing, miss, said the poor woman, for I am sure it will do me more good to see you eat it, than to eat it myself; and accordingly she spread a nice white looking napkin on the table, and produced the pie, which George protested should not be cut, unless Mrs. Goddard would divide it in four, and sit down and eat with them, which she reluctantly consented to. And pray, Mrs. Goddard, said George, how many scholars have you? Thirty, sir, said she, and though I say it, thirty as good children, and who know their duty as well, as any within thirty parishes of us. And so they may well, replied George, for I will be bound to say, you take pains to teach it them. Thank you, master, for your good opinion, and I believe the

squire and madam too, are pretty well satisfied with them; however, sir, you will see them to-morrow, and I hope you will not think I have said too much in their praise; I quite long for to-morrow's coming, I assure you, said all of them, but pray come early; which Mrs. Goddard promised, and the children took their leave.

As soon as they got out of the house, George took each of his sisters by the hand, and said, I want to ask your advice. You must know, that papa has given me half-a-guinea, and I have been thinking I should like to spend part of it upon these children. I should like to call at the baker's, and order thirty-two-penny plum bums, and when they go away to-morrow evening give one to each. Oh what a happy thought, they both exclaimed, how it will delight them: accordingly they called at the

baker's, and bespoke the buns, and then returned home.

Well, papa, said George, as he entered the study, where is the gentleman who wanted you? The gentleman, replied Mr. Adams, is in the kitchen; it was your mamma's brother's old servant Edward; but what do you think he came for, George? I cannot tell, indeed, papa, perhaps to say my uncle would come and spend the Christmas with us. No, not exactly so, but to beg that we would spend it with him; and to intreat that I will set off to-morrow morning, as he has an old college companion of mine, who must leave him in a day or two, but who is very desirous of seeing me. And will you go, papa? said all the children, eagerly. Why, your mamma wishes it, so I believe I shall, replied Mr. Adams. They all expressed their delight at this intend-

ed expedition. Oh, but the poor Sunday school children, said George, what will they do? The house-keeper, replied Mr. Adams, will attend to them the same as if we were at home. That will settle the affair comfortably, said George, and away he flew to Mrs. Harrison to tell her of his plan with the buns, and giving her five shillings, begged she would pay for them.

The next morning the coach was at the door by eight o'clock, when Mr. and Mrs. Adams, and the children, set out for Moreton Abbey, the seat of Mrs. Adams's brother.

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